

A Symbol of Coming Spring

LOOK into the eastern sky about 9 o'clock at night and you will see there a symbol of approaching spring, a starry signal raised above the horizon, in the shape of the constellation Leo, whose "sickle," adorned with the bright star Regulus, is the particular glory of the April midnights.

Woman and the Home

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT?

Do You Think Anything Is Good Enough or Do You Take Pride in Keeping It Ship-Shape?

By Loretto C. Lynch,

Instructor War Cookery N. Y. Evening High School for Women.

"NOTHING in the house annoys me," remarked a feminine novelist friend to a very excellent housekeeper the other day. "I would not waste my time poking behind that range, nobody ever sees behind there."

The excellent housekeeper was a girl out of college but one short year. But six months of that year she spent as the happy wife of a young man who, though poor, with much a helpmate cannot but "arrive" some day.

This young wife put down her scrubbing brush and dried the hands that the other woman thought "too refined and educated" for work and replied, "Mrs. Brown, it gives me great pleasure to putter about and keep my house clean. Several times each week you tell me you go to help clean your church. Do you know, I feel toward my home just about as you toward your church. Whatever I do here, I feel that I am doing in a great cause."

I overheard this conversation, and it has made me think. Many severely practical women will tell you that they could teach you more about housewifery in a month than you can learn in a four-year college course in homemaking. They will tell you that "Old Mammy," the black Mrs. Dixon brought from the South, can cook lots better than Mrs. Dixon's daughter who has studied "Homemaking" in college. And yet—suppose that every girl in our nation to-day had an opportunity to have implanted deep in her heart the sanctity of the home. The college girl wife did not see the ugly scrub brush nor the rest of the piebald cleaning implements. She had an ideal always before her. She felt that no labor she expended

in cleaning and beautifying her home was lost. She felt toward her home much as the religious Greek of old felt toward his temple. Great labor was expended in beautifying parts of the temple not visible to the casual observer, for the Greek believed that the gods see everywhere.

I went with a woman to one of the department stores recently to purchase some housefurnishings. She did not especially have to practice economy. We came upon a beautiful copper chafing dish. She purchased it. "How beautiful that will look in your home," I remarked. "Oh, that's too good for my home," she said. "Any cheap little copper pot is good enough for my home. I'm going to give this to our card club as a such prize."

Think of any woman admitting that a utensil she was well able to purchase, an article that would help beautify and help toward a happy hour or two, was "too good" for her home!

No wonder Mrs. Jones has such a complete, artistic home, you will often hear. "She is up at dawn every time there is a sale in a reputable shop of something that her home lacks. Yes, it does cost her some time and trouble. Yet every one observes that, outside of the saving, Mr. Jones is always eager to entertain his best out-of-town customers in his delightful house."

It certainly is a reflection on a woman's character if she puts almost all her money into "parlor" furnishings and then pares the potatoes with a "carving knife" for lack of proper kitchen equipment. How sweet is the word home! As I pass along the streets and see the service flag flying from various homes, I often stop and think what a wonderful opportunity comes to the maker of a home. The courage, the ideal, the love of righteousness, the desire to protect the weak as well as the great physical power necessary to a "defender" were cradled, nurtured and matured within the residence of which some woman made a home. Use your every effort to make your home a clean, beautiful, attractive place in which to live. For no money wisely spent in the cause of a home is ever really wasted. And nothing you can afford to buy is ever "too good" for your home.

The Hidden Hand

A SERIAL OF THRILL AND MYSTERY

By Arthur B. Reeve,

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 11.

Trapped by Treachery.

"THE Whitney millions belong to me," he exclaimed thickly. "And I will spend them, every cent. Have a drink!" Ramsey dashed the proffered glass to the floor and sent Abner reeling. As he looked down on the table he saw a letter:

Abner Whitney, New York: Dear Sir—Having measured your Whitney Island house, we find a dead space in the walls which may indicate a secret room. We await your instructions. Very truly yours, CAREWE & KESKINS, Architects.

As he read it, a smile of contempt for Abner, still groping on the floor, glared over Ramsey's face, and he turned and stalked out. The moment he disappeared, Abner reeled to the portieres unsteadily, but when he was sure Ramsey had gone, he suddenly became dead sober again and beckoned to Verda, who glided from her hiding place. "He fell for it," Abner laughed. "He will go out to Whitney Island. Now is the chance for my scheme. Verda's instructions were simple, and half an hour later, Martha uttered a little scream of mingled fear and surprise as she opened her door to admit Abner, who entered the apartment with a benevolent smile. "Really, I am sorry, or what has happened," he said apologetically to Doris. "Will you return to the house and live there until the case is decided?"

Doris was at first doubtful, but Martha was overjoyed and finally Doris threw her new furs about her neck and joined her uncle in the car he had waiting outside.

As the touring car rolled down-town, Doris did not see Abner signal to an omnibus which passed. But already Verda had been waiting with three thugs, and at the moment they caught sight of Abner's car coming the four had boarded the bus and sat inside.

No sooner had Abner's car passed the bus than it started forward. Instructed, pulled up beside the curb, got out, tinkered with the engine and announced that it would run no further. "We have better take the bus," suggested Abner, signalling to one which stopped.

With Doris, he climbed to the top. He soon had it started, and one thing threw the conductor off while two others sprang to the roof and attacked Doris and Abner. Abner was quickly overcome, but as the other attacked Doris, she struggled with him, backed him up against the

rail and flung him over into the street. But with Abner down, the second and third thugs advanced. Doris looked about wildly for means of escape. Ahead she saw an elevated railroad under which the bus must pass, a "low bridge." As the bus approached she leaped and caught the steel-work, just as the lower part of the steel-work knocked the thugs sprawling. Doris climbed to the iron truss and through the tie, and at that moment an express thundered, head-on, at her. The motorman threw on the emergency brakes; but the momentum was too great to stop. Only her quick wit saved her from being decapitated. With incredible swiftness, Doris pulled herself all the way up and leaped to one side to the rail along the edge of the roadbed, clinging to it, almost hanging over the street, as the express swept past.

At the housekeeper's late that afternoon, Doris had still another visitor. This time it was one whom she immediately recognized as Dr. Scarey's valet.

A New Protector. "Don't be afraid," he began. "I've become disgusted with the doctor lately—drinking and violent. He's in hiding, and I've come to betray him to you."

Still Doris was doubtful. She mistrusted the valet. "Come to the window," he reassured.

She did so, and he pointed to two policemen. "I've already been to the precinct and gotten them," he said. "So don't fear."

Convinced now, Doris agreed to go. A fugitive since his open attack on Doris in his own office, Dr. Scarey had taken up his residence in a poor quarter of the city in an old three-story house. There he had gathered about him a group of thugs and other hard customers whom he was telling what he wanted.

"Here they come now," called one who had been peering out of a window. Scarey hurried over and also glanced out at Doris, who slighted with the valet and two policemen. Yet a showed no fear of the uniforms.

"There is the house, Miss Whitney," indicated the valet. Doris glanced at it suspiciously, and as she did so one of the policemen made a slight motion to the taxicab driver, who nodded that he was ready to start.

Still trusting the valet, Doris entered. Dr. Scarey, watching, had scarcely turned from the window, motioning to his men, when the door was apparently flung open. "Arrest him!" cried Doris.

But Scarey merely stood there, with a smile. "Arrest him, I say!" she repeated. The "policemen" began to laugh. Just then one of them tried to seize her. Instantly she knew that she was in a trap and was on guard. She broke from them and fled, banging the door in their faces.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Another of Loretto Lynch's Fine Home Articles on This Page

Magazine Page

And the Keynote Is Simplicity

Republished by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



WINTER'S extremity is fur's opportunity, and it makes use of it amusingly in this saucy little cravat of otter, worn with a black beaver hat.

B'RER RABBIT is requisitioned, for this lovely suit of dull blue velours de laine, which has just passed the Paris censors, with a collar almost as big as a muff.

EVERYWHERE you look you will see satin coats more or less like the stunning one here shown. Paris shows its sumptuousness in simplicity. The fur in this is kolensky.

To My Sweetheart Soldier

Every Girl Has a Sweetheart—So Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters to "Somewhere in France"

EIGHTH LETTER.

My Beloved—In the twink of an eye we all moved out here, and are settled. The proverbial grass never grows under your wife's feet, but in this instance the rolling stone has gathered a lot of moss, for already admitted to the intimacy of our household are a cat, a dog, a one-legged veteran of the civil war, and a dove with a broken wing! Isn't that doing well for a beginning? The cat must have belonged to the house, for she was peeping shyly out of the lilac bush this morning. And the dog—heaven only knows where such a poor, mangy, rag-tag looking, starved little creature ever could have come from! He dropped from a clear sky, without word or warning! I brought the cat some warm milk, and turned my back for a moment. When I looked again this little scruffy dog was lapping with her, side by side, in greatest intimacy. It was so awful looking I didn't even know it was a dog. I thought it might be a woodcock, or a ferret, or something else of obscure origin. But Mammy is in an ecstasy of delight. She says a strange dog coming that way is the best sign in the world, and I judge she thinks the more miserable they are, the better luck it is. She and Frank disappeared with it, behind the garage, and when they came back the dog had been anointed with a coating of lard, which greatly injured his self-respect, but is

the best thing in the world for fleas and mange, so Mammy says. The dove with the broken wing I found on my window sill. Such a soft, sad, grieving little sound woke me early, and there, fluttering and crying, was this lovely bird. Frank and I did what we could to the wing, but it will be forever useless, I know. Frank is making me a little lattice cage, and I am going to keep the dove in the sunny bay window of the dining room. Will it suffer, beloved, with its broken wing, or will it be happy to live on still, making its soft, sweet sounds, and being fed and loved?

The one-legged veteran of the civil war needs a letter all to himself! I fancy you will hear much of him as time goes on. He lives next door, in the dearest little cottage, and he has a serving man, who was his sergeant in the army. This morning our bell rang and Mammy announced that a gentleman wishes to see me. I could tell by her arms fiercely akimbo that she wasn't pleased! But she'll love him later on, I know—how can she help it? He stood in the doorway of the hall, on his pitiful crutch—every inch a soldier—a stiff little bunch of autumn flowers in his hand. "Madam, let me give you welcome! You and your household. We are neighbors." I could have fallen on his neck! It was so sweet and stately, and so sincere! He has a beautiful face—it shows character and stern experience. Age, labor, and the bitterness of conflict

have combined to make of it a wonderful thing. The lines and shadows speak of a soul to whom has come a great tribulation, but who, by accepting it, has purchased redemption forever from the petty troubles of life. In fifteen minutes our two mothers and myself and I were talking as if we had known each other all ways. His name is General Oliver, and he wears a peculiar medal on his breast, which I didn't recognize, but which I know he will tell me about some day. You know how very persuasive I am in asking questions! As he went he spoke to me of your gallant conduct! I am afraid a few tears showed in my eyes, because he laid his hand on my shoulder, oh, so kindly, and said: "Beyond all the fires of love through which one passes, there is the star of duty, and happy is the man or woman who can live in its serenity."

I forgot to tell you that I think our mothers are going to be happy here. Twenty minutes after our arrival they were sitting side by side with peaceful faces, awfully knitting. I never knew that anyone could be so indifferent to externals as they are. The question of locality doesn't seem to matter to them. The harmony in their own souls seems to weave a mystic atmosphere about them, through which the visions of the past, and the voices and forms of bygone years, come and go in sweet and satisfying companionship. Shall I ever be like them?—calm just by my confident faith in the goodness of God? Shall I ever be able to lay aside all striving, all unrest, and be content to lie low, as they do, in the Lord's hand? GOOD-NIGHT, BELOVED.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The Married Man.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am much in love with a young artist who was also in love with me. He promised me to divorce his wife, whom he married when he was eighteen and whom he never cared for. After two years, I thought it better to part, as I found he had never mentioned divorce to his wife. He is continually phoning me, beseeching me to see him again. Kindly advise me. MATTIE G.

I've ever revivie the ancient ducking-stool, I am going to bring forward as candidates for its humiliating experience girls who will accept attentions from married men. As for the men, somebody once said that hanging was too good for them!

When a man makes love to a girl and explains that he married his wife when he was so young that he didn't realize what he was doing and promises the girl he will divorce the unlucky wife and marry the beloved sweetheart, there are just about ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that he is not sincere. He may even believe in himself—and still he is not likely to be sincere. That is what critics call "old stuff."

It isn't fair to the unknown wife whose idea of the story may be very different from the one the husband shows you. The man probably doesn't mean to divorce his wife. Her existence saves him from real responsibility. Even as he cheats, betrays and neglects her so is he likely to treat the girl who hasn't even the legal hold on him which makes the wife's position dignified if pitiful.

This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the admission of Kansas into the Union as the thirty-sixth State in 1861. This followed the meeting of the Constitutional Assembly in 1859, when slavery was prohibited, which prohibition was later ratified by a popular vote.

Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Helen Is Asked by Mrs. Frisby to Decide a Delicate and Personal Matter.

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H ELEN shivered as she gained the warmth of the apartment. It was one of the coldest days of the winter and she had become thoroughly chilled through while shopping.

"Did any one call up, Mary?" "Yes, ma'am, Mrs. Frisby called up and she wants you to come over this afternoon."

Helen flushed indignantly. Friendly as she had tried to be with Mrs. Frisby, the mere say "one did for that special person, the more was expected. Helen had begun her campaign by trying to treat her nicely, but Mrs. Frisby, disliked by the other women, immediately pounced on Helen as her own particular friend. She had a gushing personality, talked foolishly, and said whatever came in her mind. She was a silly, vague little woman, extremely sensitive, and it was difficult to please her unless one wanted to be at her beck and call.

Helen determined not to go over to the Frisbys, but the more she thought of it the more her conscience told her she ought to go. Perhaps Mrs. Frisby really needed her. Of course there was the chance of it being something altogether trivial, but then, the distance wasn't far, Helen reflected, and she might as well go.

Mrs. Frisby hastily opened the door and smiled. "Oh, my dear, I just knew you would come. I wanted so much to talk to someone and I would rather have you than anyone else."

"Did you want me for any particular reason?" "I just got home from shopping, and my maid said that you had told her it was important."

"Oh, yes, it is. My dear I had the most awful argument with my husband last night. You know how much he admires your taste and judgment, and I just told him that I was going to ask your advice."

"But I couldn't advise you concerning an argument between yourself and your husband," protested Helen.

"Oh, but you must," said Mrs. Frisby. "That's why I asked you to come over in the first place, you simply must. You see if I hadn't

really needed you to come here, I should have come to you, but I wanted you to come over to ask you a serious question. What is the matter with this apartment?"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Helen in bewilderment. "Well, something is wrong, there's no denying that. My husband doesn't like the general effect after all the money I spent on it, too. He says it doesn't look anything at all like yours."

Helen was silent, and Mrs. Frisby rattled on quickly. "I told him that we spent more money than you and Mr. Curtis did."

Helen smiled involuntarily, it was such a typical remark. "I realize that you have spent more money than we have," Helen returned quietly.

Mrs. Frisby did not understand that she had been rude, and in fact a little vulgar; she did not know it, and so she simply looked at Helen with wide eyes, and repeated, "Well, then what's wrong?"

Helen looked around her and suddenly made up her mind that inasmuch as Mrs. Frisby had gotten her over her to ask such a question, Helen would answer it truthfully. "What's wrong?" Helen asked.

"Well, in the first place, you have spent the money for the wrong things. It isn't always the expensive thing that is the appropriate thing. Your pictures are all wrong."

"But, Mrs. Curtis," Mrs. Frisby interrupted, "I love my pictures!" "You asked me to tell you," persisted Helen firmly. "All that bric-a-brac is very bad."

"But I bought them for real antique pieces!" "But they aren't real," Helen went on. "And the entire lighting effect is wrong here. There is such a blaze of overhead light that your entire room shows up too garishly. If you had a few soft lamps with pretty shades the entire effect would be changed."

"I guess you're right there. My husband says that he'd like a lamp to read by, but I thought these crystal hangings were beautiful."

Again Helen sighed involuntarily. She might tell Mrs. Frisby what was wrong with her apartment, she might even get her to correct some of the glaring mistakes in decorations, but no one in the world could ever train Mrs. Frisby to think correctly, and that was the real thing necessary, after all.

(The next installment of this interesting series will appear here soon.)

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

N OW let me see what happened after the little King of the Mountain asked his four trusty little men why they had brought Puss Junior to his palace, which, you remember, was underneath the great high mountain.

"This little cat is a traveller, Your Highness," answered the little torchman, as he waved his flaming torch up and down, for he was a little excited, you see, "and he promised not to tell what he saw if we showed him where we were going."

"Ah, is that so?" said the little King, and then he smiled at Puss, for he admired his bravery, and, anyway, he wasn't a bad little man at all.

"I am seeking adventure," said Puss, stepping forward, "and my illustrious father, Puss in Boots, is well known throughout all the world."

"Ha, ha!" said the little Mountain King. "And so you would equal your father's deeds and do away with giants?"

"Not so, Your Highness," said Puss. "But I would see the world."

"Well, then, my pretty Puss, you shall see the Underworld," laughed the little King of the Big Mountain, and he stepped down from his throne and reached out his hand to his little hero. "Come with me."

So Puss followed him and the little King showed him all the wonders of the Underworld. And maybe

country, this land underneath the great high mountain.

Why, there were all sorts of wonderful things, for the roof of the great cavern was as blue as our everyday sky, and the diamonds shone like little lights, and strange flowers grew in many places, and all the little people worked in gold and silver shops where they made beautiful things, the kind you see in the store windows.

There were streets and houses, and queer looking trees with moss for leaves, the little rivers with bridges over them, and creaky old mill wheels that turned the machinery that made all sorts of toys and dolls.

And when Puss had seen everything there was to be seen, he said he must be going, and then the little King of the Mountain told the little man with the big bag to fill it full of presents and the little man with the little wheel to blow on it and then a pretty little pony ran up for Puss to ride on, and after that the little man with the ax cut down a peppermint tree and gave Puss a lot of peppermint candy to carry away and eat when he had the time, and when all this was over and the little torchman lighted the way for Puss to go, he told him the world of Fairy Land once more, and in the next story you shall hear what Puss did after that.

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Do You Know That—

When bathing, the baby fold a thick towel and lay it at the bottom of the bath. This will prevent the child from slipping, which is the cause of the nervousness exhibited by most babies when being bathed.

Should an inkpot be accidentally upset on tablecloth or carpet, pour a little cold water over it at once. The ink will float on the water, and when the cloth or carpet is rubbed dry no stain will show.

A layer of ordinary salt sprinkled around the pan where the fat usually splutters over will prevent the disagreeable odor when frying fat.

Mud stains on dark clothes should first be brushed and then rubbed with a freshly cut raw potato. This will remove any trace of stain.

When baking potatoes it is a good plan to allow them to stand in

hot water for a few minutes. They require much less baking.

If a tablespoon of paraffin be added to the water used for washing tiles, it will both cleanse and brighten them.

Suede shoes quickly become shiny and soiled, but they may be freshened by rubbing the parts with fine sandpaper.

One ounce of margarine melted in a saucepan will take the place of an egg for binding rissoles or fishcakes.

To prevent mustard from drying and caking in the mustard pot add a little salt when making it.

An onion poultice beats all others for easing neuralgic or rheumatic pains, sore throats, etc.